

but I can't stop starin' at your face by twinOrigins

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Summary:

Mike had a very dumb, no good idea. A very dumb, no good idea that he really, *really* wanted to try.

but I can't stop starin' at your face

Author's Note:

Yes, the title is from Mistletoe by Justin Bieber. I'm a menace.

So! For the month of December, I'm attempting to write a fic a day until Christmas. I found two lists of prompts, so I'm combining the two each day. Day one was mistletoe & getting out/putting up decorations!

The beginning of December found Mike Wheeler at the Byers' abode. Will had asked him over excitedly, and was peeking out of the window when Mike got to the porch. He didn't have to knock, heard the sliding of the locks as he kicked the snow off his shoes.

"Mike, get in!" Not bothering to wait for Mike to follow his request, he grabbed his hand and pulled him in.

That was something that had changed, recently. Getting him back the first time meant *everyone* was holding onto each other a little more, appreciating life and the people around them. The second time? Well. Mike was stuck to Will like glue, and he was happy it seemed to be mutual. Sometimes, now, they could hold hands or hug or cuddle and just *be* without it being weird. He liked it. A lot.

The room was covered in various sized boxes of ornaments and tinsel and pinecones and *everything festive*. Spread out on the table, he saw some new round, plain ornaments and...paint?

"You wanted me here to decorate?" He didn't mind, but...it was kind of a strange thing to call him over for.

"We're putting up the tree so we have everything out. Mom got a few new ornaments and said I could paint them however I want! I already started, but I thought you might wanna help." Will walked over to the table, brandishing a clear bauble. "Want to?"

Mike nodded. "I'm not as good with art stuff as you, though. Where are the ones you finished?"

He trotted over to the counter and brought a few over. Mike gasped. They were painted perfectly to look like Star Wars characters. R2-D2, Yoda, Chewbacca...his Chewy was wonky, but still amazing.

"Will, these are so good!" He carefully picked one up, turning it around and around. Will had covered the entire thing. Mike could see all the little details on it. It must've taken him ages.

Will didn't say anything, just smiled and went to put the others back. He did that when people said nice stuff about him, like he didn't believe it enough to say thank you but didn't want to be mean. It made Mike all the more determined to tell him the nice things he thought about him. There were a lot. He wanted Will to see how perfect he was.

"Hey, you should paint Will the Wise!" And there was his real grin. Mission accomplished. Mike opened a few pots of paint, squeezing them onto the newspaper. He looked over to Will's spot and saw that he'd been mixing them. Good thinking. He took the end of a paintbrush and started swirling them together.

"His hat would take up the whole thing." Will snickered softly.

"Draw him sideways, then." Mike countered with a mischievous grin.

Will pushed his shoulder. "Aw, c'mon! He deserves better."

"You're gonna splatter my paint!" Truthfully, it was already a mess.

"Respect Will the Wise, *then*." He said, mocking his earlier statement.

Mike stared down at his ornament, wondering what to paint. He stuck his tongue out slightly as he thought. What to do, what to do... "I'm gonna put an orc on mine!"

Will nodded in approval.

They both settled in, quiet as they worked on their ornaments. It was only broken by the occasional request to hand something over.

Mike huffed a half hour later, flopping his head down onto the table.

Will poked his cheek. "Your hair is getting in the paint."

He didn't bother moving when he replied, the words coming out muffled. "My orc looks like a chocolate chip cookie."

There was a choked sound, undoubtedly Will trying not to laugh at the comparison.

"What were you doing?" He asked, finally peeking up.

Will brandished his. "Bowie. It's for Jonathan."

He twirled his around. "I'll give my orc to Nancy, say it's a picture of her."

"You're terrible, Wheeler."

Mike hopped up. "I'm gonna look through all the boxes while mine is drying."

"Mmkay." He hummed, already setting up to paint another.

He looked at the box closest to him first. Just lights. They had way too many of those these days.

He pulled the tape off another. Jackpot! Craft-paper wrapped trinkets filled it to the brim. He unwrapped them carefully, taking a minute to look at them before he set them down. Some of them he recognized from years past, but he didn't know them all. There were a lot of homemade ornaments, some from school--he noticed one with an old picture of Jonathan glued to a pipe cleaner stick figure and cackled--and some made at home, like the cinnamon and glue hearts Will made every year.

At the bottom of the box, there was one thing left. Unlike the others, it was tucked into a pretty scrap of wrapping paper. He grabbed it and pulled it free, finding--oh. It was mistletoe. He used to hear Nancy on the phone every Christmas talking about how *romantic* it would be to get caught under it with a cute boy. He held it up, looking at it carefully. It was the real deal, dried and tied up with a

delicate red bow.

He glanced surreptitiously at Will. He was mixing paints again, chin resting on his right hand while he worked. Mike had a very dumb, no good idea. A very dumb, no good idea that he really, *really* wanted to try.

He made his way back to the table, dragging his steps. "Hey, uh, Will..." he was holding the mistletoe behind his back.

"Hmm?" He didn't look up.

"Will."

This time he stirred, and right as he started to look at Mike he held the mistletoe over them, squinched his eyes closed and kissed his cheek.

Except his lips didn't land on a cheek. His eyes popped open. Oh, *fuck*. He scooted backwards as quickly as he could. He'd landed on Will's *lips*. Shit. This was a terrible plan. He didn't want to just steal Will's first kiss like that! He looked down at his hands where he was still grasping the offensive plant. He tossed it onto the table.

They were both frozen, neither one of them having said a word.

Mike started wringing his hands, and darted a look at Will. He had a total deer-in-the-headlights expression.

"Will, I'm sorry--" he said pleadingly.

This snapped him out of it. He picked the mistletoe up from where it had been discarded, stepping forward and holding it above them. He took Mike's hand, smiling softly, and then leaned to give him a small peck on the lips.

"It's okay, Mike. It's us."